

## WILL TRY DR. BRIGGS.

THE PRESBYTERIAN ASSEMBLY WILL CONSIDER THE APPEAL.

Lively and Acrimonious Debate on the Committee's Report—Dr. Briggs Denied the Privilege of Replying to Alleged Misrepresentations.

WASHINGTON, May 26.—The largest attendance in the history of the 105th assembly of the Presbyterian church in the United States of America was present when today's proceedings were ushered in. Dr. Kneeland R. Ketchum of New Jersey was recognized by the moderator on the question, "Shall the appeal be sustained?" He favored sending the case of Prof. Briggs back to the synod. Elder McDougale of Cincinnati, charged with the duty of opening in support of the motion to entertain the appeal, took the platform.

Something of a sensation was created when he made an attack on Briggs. He referred to certain remarks which the doctor had made in his speech in his own defense, and said he had offered, if the case was sent back to the synod, to waive his constitutional right.

Professor Briggs asked for a moment in which to reply to the misrepresentation of himself which he asserted McDougale had made. There were cries of "No, no, don't hear him," negatives being strongly in the majority.

"Dr. Briggs has a right to protection," said Dr. Duffield, the venerable professor of Princeton, "and if his words are misrepresented he ought to be given an opportunity to explain them."

Even to this appeal there were loud cries of "No, no," but the moderator finally decided to give Professor Briggs one minute.

The bitterness of spirit manifested in McDougale's remarks brought to the surface much of that subdued feeling which has been kept under cover for so long. Several delegates indulged in short talks bearing on the questions connected with the prosecution. The venerable Dr. Duffield of Princeton college said he had a general personal appreciation of the scholarship and Christian character of Dr. Briggs. "If his logical faculties were equal to his scholarship I do not know his equal in the intellectual world of America at least."

As soon as the gavel fell on Dr. Duffield the most sensational scene of the day ensued. In the course of the venerable doctor's remarks his statement of Prof. Briggs' teachings were questioned by several commissioners, and the professor himself gave utterance to an expression which could not be understood by the reporters. But as Dr. Duffield stepped down he came almost into direct contact with Prof. Briggs, who, with flashing eyes, had sprung to his feet, demanding to be heard. A storm of dissent and cries of "order" immediately broke over the assembly. A scene of great excitement and disorder ensued, the moderator telling Dr. Briggs he could not be heard now, the latter appealing to the moderator and to the house to be permitted to make explanation. Finally Professor Briggs took his seat and the storm subsided. A passionate address against the plea of Dr. Briggs was made by Rev. W. M. C. Young, D. D., of Danville, Ky., moderator of the last assembly. After further argument the debate was declared closed.

Judge Purnell of Baltimore, offered a motion to remand the case to the New York synod. This was defeated by a viva voce vote and again by a rising vote. The question recurring on the resolution of the judicial committee that the appeal be entertained, the yeas and nays were demanded and roll call began. The result of the vote was as follows: Yeas 409, nays 145.

The judicial committee was instructed to prepare a program for procedure in the trial of the appeal and the assembly decided to proceed with the trial tomorrow morning. The trial will proceed tomorrow morning.

## THE COTTON CROP.

Secretary Hester's Weekly Report on the Cotton Movement.

NEW ORLEANS, May 26.—Hester's weekly New Orleans cotton exchange report issued before the close of business this afternoon shows the amount brought into sight for the week 6 per cent under the seven days ending May 26, last year and 21 per cent under same time year before last. Total for week 1772 bales less than the movement for May 20 to 26 inclusive last year, and 7542 less than during the same date year before last and the deficit in the amount brought into sight for 26 days of May is 35,428 compared with same time last year, and 52,458 compared with year before last. This brings the total deficiency for 267 days, of the season ending this evening to 2,466,023 less than the movement for same number of days last season, and 2,042,855 less than the season before. Total brought into sight for past seven days 28,704 against 30,476 from May 20 to 26 inclusive last year, and 36,246 year before, while the aggregate for the 26 days of May is 113,890 against 148,788 and 165,818. Total marketed from Sept. 1 to date 6,348,630 against 6,514,653 and 8,403,485 last year and year before respectively. From this time on last year the amount brought into sight was 220,720 and year before last 249,112. In (May 26) last year 24 4-100 per cent of the crop was marketed and the season before 28 8-100 per cent. The movement since September 1 shows receipts at all United States ports 4,846,350, against 7,892,707 last year and 6,718,

703 the year before. Overland across the Mississippi, Ohio and Potomac rivers to northern mills and Canada 843,191, against 1,196,817 and 1,049,605; interior stocks in excess of those held at the close of the commercial year 89,205, against 174,759 and 140,434; Southern mills takings 569,884, against 550,550 and 495,743; Northern spinners have taken the past week 3,013 bales more than last year.

This makes a decrease in takings of 506,255 for the season to date. Foreign exports for the week 55,635 bales against 58,918 last year, making a total for the season of 3,065,643 against 3,464,137 last year, or a decrease of 1,498,494. Total takings of American mills north, south and Canada thus far for the season are 2,215,197 against 2,698,414 last year. These include 1,614,721 by northern spinners against 2,120,196. Stocks at seaports and 29 leading southern interior centers have decreased during the past week 46,093 bales, against a decrease for a corresponding period of last year of 43,097, and are now 186,946 smaller than this date in 1892. Including stocks left over at ports and interior towns from the last crop and the number of bales brought into sight thus far of the new crop the supply to date is 6,881,518, against 9,093,029 for same period last year.

In consequence of the shrinkage of movement Secretary Hester's weekly statement will be discontinued for the present. Monthly annual figures will be put forth as usual.

## WEEKLY TRADE REVIEW

R. G. Dun & Co. on the Condition of the Business of the Country.

NEW YORK, May 26.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s Weekly Review says:

In two ways there has been quite a general improvement during the past week. Better weather throughout the country has stimulated the retail trade and a large distribution of goods made the jobbing trade more active. Monetary anxieties have abated at widely separated points, large loans solicited here a week or two ago to provide for extreme emergencies in different cities have not been wanted and threatened failures at several points have passed without causing much disturbance. Yet the actual conditions do not seem to have changed materially. Large demand for rediscounts and advances by western and southern banks, though considerably abated, have been greater than the eastern banks could wholly meet. There is no definite improvement in financial affairs abroad, and the prospect of a continued outflow of gold for some time to come has not altered. Speculative markets show comparatively less activity. Stocks have fallen off to some extent from the rapid recovery of last week, the average being about \$1 per share lower than a week ago.

Wheat and corn are both at the same prices as a week ago, although Western receipts of wheat in four days have been 1,932,110 bushels and Atlantic exports 1,036,597 bushels, and corn receipts have been very large with insignificant exports. Mess pork 25 cents higher, but other hog products are a shade lower. Coffee advanced 1-2c, oil declined 1c. A natural decline is seen in daily products and potatoes. Cotton is also 1-8c lower, although receipts are smaller and exports larger than for the same week last year, but the enormous stocks in sight are not diminishing more rapidly than usual at this season. Chicago reports improvement, though collections are still slow and bank accommodations sparing. St. Louis, fair collections, though southern planters are buying less meats than usual. Bankers are extremely conservative and much money has gone out to other western cities. At Omaha trade is good; at Denver, quiet. Business at Nashville is improving, also at Savannah, but at other points at the South business quiet, and at nearly all, collections are slow and money close. Mobile reports large shipments of early vegetables and New Orleans has a bright outlook in building trades though the breaking of the levees will seriously affect Northern Louisiana.

Dress goods are dull but there is closer discrimination than usual in favor of choice styles. Cottons are stronger, print cloths a sixteenth higher. Wool sales small, prices favoring buyers.

Business failures for the last seven days were 273 compared with 251 last week. Corresponding week of last year the figures were 198.

More Revolutionists Sentenced.

SAN ANTONIO, May 26.—Another batch of Mexican revolutionists were sentenced to terms of imprisonment this morning in the United States States court for violation of the neutrality laws. Clemente Gutierrez was given 12 months in the Iowa state penitentiary at Anamosa. Eighteen others were sentenced to jail, their terms of imprisonment ranging from one to eight months each. This makes a total of 53 Garza revolutionists who have been sentenced to imprisonment during the past three days.

Sullivan Pleads Guilty.

NEW YORK, May 26.—A Biedelford, Me., special says: John L. Sullivan did not appear in court yesterday to answer to the charge of assault on Lawyer M. L. Lezotte. The champion was represented by counsel, Thomas Leigh, Jr., who pleaded guilty on behalf of his client, and a fine of \$100 and costs was imposed.

A Missouri Cyclone.

VANDALIA, Mo., May 26.—A terrific cyclone struck Laddonia, a small town 10 miles west of here, last evening at 6 o'clock, killing Jack Wills of Farber, Mo., and seriously injuring six others; also completely destroying five large business houses and five dwellings. Besides this, many were badly bruised.

## IT'S VERA WEE.

It's vera weel, throughout the day,  
When ta'en up wi' work or play,  
To think a man can live alive,  
Wi'oot a wife.

But it's anither thing at night,  
To sit alone by can'te light,  
Or gang till rest when sharp winds bite,  
Wi'oot a wife.

It's vera weel when claes are new,  
To think they'll always last just so,  
And look as well as they do now,  
Wi'oot a wife.

But when the holes begin to show,  
The stiches rip, the buttons go,  
What in the war! a man to do  
Wi'oot a wife?

It's vera weel when skies are clear,  
When friends are true and lassies dear,  
To think ye'll gang through life, nae fear,  
Wi'oot a wife.

But clouds will come the skies awhaur,  
Lassies will marry; friends will part;  
What then can cheer your saddened heart?  
A dear wee wife.

It's vera weel when young and hale,  
But when ye're auld and crazed and frail,  
And your blythe spirits 'gin to fall,  
Ye'll want a wife.

But mayhap then the lassies dear  
Will treat your offers wi' a sneer  
Because ye're cranky, gray and sere—  
Ye'll get nae wife.

Then haste ye, haste, ye silly loon,  
Rise up and seek about the toon,  
And get heaven's greatest earthly boon,  
A wee bit wife.

—Wallace Dunbar in Amusing Journal.

## THE SEVEN BELLS.

"Every now and then in overhauling literature I see where the old gophers are still letting off loud howls which make me weary."

It was Mr. Tokens, the marine, who thus complained of the gophers and their conduct in literature as he stowed his timber leg under the mess table and brought his hairy fist down on the same with a thump that made the dishes dance. The old gentleman looked weary, a condition the skipper remarked and which caused Mr. Skate, A. B., to wish he were only half as tired.

The Seven Bells club was in executive session in the cabin of the Anchor chop-house, with Mr. Tokens in the chair. He had evidently been reading something which did not agree with him. It was seldom anything did meet his views, unless it were an invitation to drink, and then he only consented with apparent reluctance.

No one, not even the inquisitive lubber, Willie Bloke, ventured a query regarding the old gophers until after the skipper had ordered a bottle of red wine with which to raft the rib steaks home. Then the recognized head of the organization addressed Mr. Tokens:

"So the gophers are at it again?" he hazarded, though he had not the remotest idea of what the marine was driving at.

"They are always at it, howling through the long and the dog watches and making all hands sick. If they didn't have the boots or the bug juice, why didn't they give an order on the nearest store and let us have peace?"

As Mr. Tokens delivered himself of this remarkable statement the club exchanged uneasy glances, and Willie Bloke grew pale.

"Give him some seltzer or something," he whispered to the skipper.

"May I ask you, sir, what kind of literature you have been overhauling?" the skipper gently inquired, paying no heed to the lubber's agitation.

"The early logs of different states—history, I believe they call it, which is full of old gophers who could have bought the lot where the courthouse now stands for a pair of boots, or got a quit claim deed to the after end of Kansas for a pint of whisky. But they didn't have the boots or the liquor, so they keep on howling."

"He's all right," whispered the skipper, greatly relieved. "I've heard these howls myself."

"They are driving express wagons now or loafing around in groceries," Mr. Tokens went on, "blowing their lungs out telling how rich they would be if things had been different. That's what makes me weary. It isn't the chances a man has in life, but the way he hooks on and uses his head and steering gear. You never heard me growling about the hard luck that left me stranded in my old age."

"Have you had some narrow escapes?" asked the lubber.

"Escapes from what?"

"Being wealthy."

"Well, I should say I have. Boots, moldy blankets and beverages are nowhere, but it wasn't my fault. A lunk headed, chuckle brained, tar tainted, ignorant seaman blasted my hopes in life."

And Mr. Tokens broke forth into a torrent of picturesque blasphemy that would have exhausted a pirate's repertory.

"These here remarks about ignorant able seamen is a swipe at me, I take it," said Mr. Skate, rising and waving his fists in the air.

"Don't get choppy," cautioned the skipper as he dragged Mr. Skate back into his chair. "Let the man spin. You ain't the only able seaman alive."

Apologies followed, and then the marine squared away on the course suggested by the old gophers in literature.

"A shipwreck that left me to starve on a desert island would have made my pile, but for this bull headed able seaman. He's dead now and out of the way, but my sailing days are over since I got this leg."

Here Mr. Tokens pounded the leg on the floor and did a little more ornamental swearing.

"We were bound from Liverpool to Australia with general cargo when an equinoctial gale ripped the canvas off us and drove the ship ashore. The ship grounded in the night on Sydney island in the South sea, one of the Phoenix group, located in longitude 171 degrees 22 minutes west, latitude 25 degrees south, and all hands perished but me and one able seaman. When daylight came, we found ourselves on a desolate lagoon island lying low on the horizon and leagues away from the track of navigation. The hull of the vessel, which was an iron one, was piled up on the beach with bales, barrels and boxes of cargo that came ashore with the wreck."

"There was plenty to eat and drink, but the seaman wanted to lay right down and die. I kicked him a couple of times, but he still wanted to die, so I set off to explore the island. The ship's boats were all gone, and I knew we were doomed so far as rescue was concerned, but I never let on to the seaman. It didn't take me long to make the circuit of the island, and I found something that gave me an idea, and a good one too."

At this point Mr. Tokens was again overcome. He smote himself on the brow and cursed the memory of the able seaman who had blighted his life. A drink, however, restored him, and he started in again.

"Where was I at?" he asked.

"You had just made a discovery," replied the club, deeply interested.

"About 100 yards from the wreck and close to the beach I stumbled on to a sperm whale ground on his stomach in a dry gully with his head out to sea. He was partly buried in the sand washed up by the gale."

"Was the whale dead?" Willie Bloke inquired.

"Of course he was. Do you suppose he would be cruising inland if he wasn't? He had a harpoon in his ribs, which I reckon killed him before the storm threw him up on the island. Going back to the seaman and giving him a few more kicks—rapid ones they were—I told him we were saved."

"How so?" he says.

"Ask no questions," said I, "but turn to and help." He braced up, and we unshipped the main topgallant yard from the wreck. This was a hollow iron spar about 40 feet long with a wooden plug in each end. We pulled the plugs out and then went to overhauling the cargo. Luck was with me, and I soon found what I wanted. This was a lot of bales of loose cotton packing in long strands the size of a man's thumb. We stretched this out in the sun, and when it got dry me and the able seaman plaited a long wick to fit the iron spar. Then we rove it through, with about 10 fathoms to spare, and planted the spar in the whale's blowhole, with the extra wick floating around in the spermaceti inside of his head. I reckon the whale had about 20 barrels of fine oil in his brain locker. We gnyed the spar with small wire cables, and then I made the seaman shin up and touch her off."

"Did it burn?" the skipper gravely inquired.

"You have seen a tar barrel afire, I reckon. Well, that is a tallow dip compared to my lighthouse. She loomed up like a torchlight procession on end. The able seaman said I should have been an admiral and wanted to kiss my hand, but I set him to work with a shovel burying the whale. It was hot weather, and I wanted to keep the oil cool. By working all night we got the whale under cover, caving in the soft sides of the gully and then banked the base of the spar with rocks."

"In the morning I concluded to douse the lamp because it was a big waste of oil and did no good in daylight. So I sent the seaman aloft with a tin pail to snuff the wick, but the blooming spar was so hot he couldn't get more than half way up. There was nothing to do but loaf around and let her burn."

"For nearly three weeks she blazed, lighting up the sea for miles around. The light attracted birds of all kinds, but no ships. It kept us busy daytimes dragging away the fowls that flew into the flame at night, and the smell of burning feathers nearly drove us off the island anyhow. At last a trading schooner raised our beacon light, put in, and we were saved. The captain was struck with my lighthouse and wanted to know how I kept her going."

"Oh, that's an oil well we discovered. I said, giving the able seaman a kick."

"So," said the captain, "and who owns the island?"

"We do," I said, and so did the able seaman before I could kick him again.

"Do you want to sell out?" he asked.

"To be sure, if you've got the figure," I said.

"How much?"

"Forty thousand dollars in cash money."

"Done," said the captain. "Come aboard the schooner and get the money."

Once more Mr. Tokens filled up and was about to founder, but the skipper rescued him with a pull at the bottle. Then he fetched a sigh that sounded like the wind whistling through a cemetery as the wreck of ruined hopes floated out of the past.

"Dad bing his onery picture, but that able seaman was low and ignorant! He wasn't rigged for business, but got frothy all at once and said he wanted a plug of eating tobacco to boot on the \$40,000 before he left the island. You see, he thought he was smart like me and wanted to sail a sharp bargain, but the captain was pretty close hauled on a deal himself. I kicked the seaman some more and promised him two plugs when we got to San Francisco, but he said he was no flying fish, and that wealth would make me proud and haughty."


"We backed and filled for two days with the deal hove to. Then the captain was about to split the difference with half a plug when the whale went dry, the wick fell in, and I was left on my beam ends. Holy smoke, but that captain got mad! He threatened to leave us on the island, but the idiot seaman begged so hard the old man calmed down again and allowed us to work our passage home. But we might have owned the schooner."

At this point in his narrative Mr. Tokens lurched heavily, his sail came down with a run, and he threatened to roll his spar deck under. But the skipper and Mr. Skate took charge of the derelict and made a rough passage home in a water front hack.—Charles Dryden in San Francisco Examiner.

## A Sure Remedy.

Doctors have exhausted their wits in telling the sleepless "how to get to sleep." The best recipe we know of is before getting into bed yourself to walk the floor two or three hours with a teething baby. If utter exhaustion does not then follow, your case is hopeless.—New York Ledger.

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